Anti-Slavery Office,
New York, 16 July, 1863.

My Dear Garrison,

Your Letter, though postmarked the 14th, did not reach me till this morning, having been delayed, I presume, in consequence of the interruption of railroad communication with the east. The forms were all made up when it came, and I could not publish the matter you sent this week without great inconvenience.

The state of things here since Monday noon has been fearful. I cannot undertake to write particulars; you will find them all set down in our papers. I believe with you that the mob is the

work of a conspiracy embracing the Southern rebels and their Northern allies, between whom there is a perfect understanding. But the villains who were relied upon to do the diabolical work began too quick, and before the machinery was fairly adjusted; and the wily conspirators stand aghast at the result. The premature explosion of the plot has, I trust, saved us from a bloody struggle — perhaps from a revolution at the North. If, now, the friends of good order and liberty will only take warning, and prepare themselves for the future, we shall be saved; but if they treat this note as the, excluding work of the men active therein, and, after

it is put down, go to sleep in fancied security, the conspirators will see to it that the next move is not made futile by such misdirection.

It is fortunate that the Standard is inconspicuous in New York, and wholly unknown to the villains who constitute the mob. But for that circumstance the office would in all probability have been sacked, the whole block burned, and my own life have fallen a prey to the murderous scoundrels. On Monday, when a colored man was chased by a crowd in Park row, the police arrested one or two men and brought them to the station-house

directly opposite. For a few minutes there was a crowd in the street, mainly, however, of peaceable people. Since that time the street has been almost as quiet as if it had been Sunday. I have walked up and down Broadway every day, taking no pains to conceal myself, though I know right well that it would have taken only a hint to set the mob at my heels. Still, I have felt no apprehension of personal danger.

Mr. Leonard, the office clerk, has not been here since Monday, not having deemed it safe to be seen in the street or on the Williamsburgh ferry-boat. At present, however, he is in as much danger in Williamsburg as he would be here — probably more so, though he has left his own house

and gone with some German friends for protection. His absence adds very much to my cares. I had planned to go to Providence to-day, to return on Monday next with Mary Anne, Mrs. Lawin and the children; but of course I cannot leave.

I cannot enter into particulars in regard to the mob. You will find them in our daily papers. The general impression is, that the worst is over; but that may prove a sad mistake. The news that the President has not yielded to the mob, and that Gen. Dix is coming to take the place of Gen. Wool

is very gratifying to all good citizens. If we can only master the Northern Copperheads, the country is safe.

I had copied on the first page your remarks at Framingham about Conway, so that I could not change your phraseology as you desired.

My love, dear Garrison to your wife and children, with the assurance that I remain

Yours, to the end of the conflict,

Oliver Johnson